

my very first

**WORONI**



**WORONI**



WORONI prepares to sock it to another year. As is usual at this time of year the staff faces the future with a quietly confident store. Hopes are high that the paper will go on to undreamed of heights.

Whether or not these hopes blossom into reality is largely dependent on the number of students who we can interest in joining the Staff. We are hoping for large numbers of enthusiastic first years to take part in this rewarding extra-curricula past time.

It is hard to find a way to encourage new students (even old ones come to think of it) to join the staff. Nothing is more frustrating than for an editor to see all the talent around him going to waste. All that can be done here is to appeal especially to those new students who feel that WORONI is a solid clique that this is not true. All help is wanted and welcome. There is not a student in the university who could not fill an important role on the staff.

Whether by nature you are creative or just a good worker you have a seat in the WORONI office waiting for you to appear.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the provisional appointment of a full-time business manager this year comes a great chance for the expansion of WORONI in the next half decade. If this venture is successful, and this is still dependent on the continuance of a large subsidy from the Students Association, it is almost certain that a full-time editor for WORONI will be appointed, perhaps in two years. Already soundings have been made by John Reid to test the opposition or lack of it to a full-time editorship. As soon as the number of students at the University rises to about 5000 undergraduates, full-time editorship will be a reality

Well, that will be enough of thoughts of the future. We have the present to occupy us and there is still no breeze. So here's to sock it to me year!

Feel a little fresher every day



## Anarchy

Comrade Editor,

The following is an extract from Hansard dated Thursday 27th Feb. 1969.

### EDUCATION

Senator McMANUS - I direct a question to the Minister representing the Minister for Education and Science. In view of the statement by the Minister for Education and Science that student fees at the Australian National University constituted only 1.7% of the university's income in 1966 as compared with 7% to 14% at other universities, could the Minister supply honourable senators with copies of the orientation pamphlet supplied to new students at this year containing recommendations on sex and abortion, so that honourable senators can estimate what value we get from the student body for our money?

This statement is typical of that being issued by politicians of all shades of opinion from the Catholic Lunatic right to the extreme left (communist) parties. The ruling Country - Liberal Party clique has been following this vogue in most of its recent statements and on past records the A.L.P. would be just as bad, witness the Crimes Act.

Intolerance is the trend, all activities whether of a religious, sexual, social or political nature are expected to conform to the standards of 'right' thinking people. The freedoms of

individuals are gradually disappearing. The brave new world of 1984 is rapidly approaching, all things are being valued only for their economic worth. Politicians such as McManus D.L.P. are leading this movement towards conformity and intolerance. One wonders whether our own Democratic Club is part of this movement - your comments Mr Hogan.

This letter is a plea for more tolerance and to offer the solution of anarchy. To quote one current cliché - Don't Vote - for no matter who one votes for, a politician always gets in. Anarchy offers a society devoid of politicians, where freedom is near absolute and where the means of production is in the hands of the producers - the workers and not the state or a capitalist boss.

A solution is in the offering: Anarchy Now!

Yours fraternally,  
Steve Padgham (IMPACT)

## Hygeian Heritage

Sir,  
May I be so bold as to use a small part of your column to disseminate some of information I just happened to pick up through my dealings with several students of the forestry department last year.

One of the most popular topics among forestry students over the past few years has been the laymans ap-

parent ignorance concerning one of the nations (and for that matter the world's) most important of trees. I speak specifically of the Lava tree whose history has been seriously ignored and neglected by most bodies of education.

Let me divert a little to enlighten the readers and perhaps to fill an unforgeable gap in their general knowledge.

The first lava tree in Australia was envisaged and later became a reality in the late 18 century by the settlers of the first fleet. From this small beginning lava trees became increasingly popular and were popping up all over the country. More and more people were acknowledging the hygenic and therapeutic value of the lava tree. It was not long before the lava tree became a national institution. Indeed it could be roughly estimated that by the turn of the century there were approximately 6000 lava trees in New South Wales alone. Who could have foreseen that lava trees would have been considered a taxable amenity in the A.C.T. in the 1960's!

Let me close with the hope that this letter will reach someone and spur them on to urge for a public enquiry into further and more reaching research into what could be called Australian's hygeian heritage.

Abigail Befonia.

## Demo

Dear Sir,

On arriving at Parliament House on Tuesday 25th of February to attend the advertised anti-Conscription and anti-Vietnam Demonstration I was dismayed to find the demonstrators had been deterred by the rain and the demonstration postponed until Friday (weather permitting).

Where is the determination and stamina of our local anti-Conscription people? Are their ideals worth demonstrating for whenever and wherever it is necessary to demonstrate - or only when and where it is convenient to demonstrate?

Yours Faithfully,  
Dismayed Demonstrator.

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# NEW UNION?

by David Solomon

The proposal to move the Union to a new site near University Avenue, the Arts Building and Sullivan's Creek is at present being investigated by the University.

The scheme has been approved in principle by the Union Board, the University Buildings and Grounds Committee and the Standing Committee of Council.

Its eventual adoption will depend on approval being given by the Australian Universities' Commission and the A.N.U. Council.

If approval is given, and the money provided by the Commonwealth Government, the new Union could be completed in 1971 or 1972.

The proposal to move the Union was originated by the new University Site Planner, Mr. Roy Simpson.

Mr. Simpson thought the ideal site for the Union should be much closer to the centre of undergraduate activities. In the new location the Union would be far closer both to Science students and to people in the Halls of Residence.

It would be closely associated with concessions such as Banks, Post Office and shops; and eventually should be adjacent to the proposed new sports centre.

In a submission to the University, Mr. Simpson advocated that University Avenue should be an entirely pedestrian precinct.

The Union Board was told of the proposal at the end of last year but deferred considering it while the University carried out a detailed feasibility study.

That study was completed in February and the Union Board held a special meeting in mid February and it decided unanimously to approve the move in principle.

The scheme being considered envisages that the University Administration will take over the present Union building.

The new Union would be built to a size equal to the present Union, plus the area involved in extensions which were to be made to the present building in 1971.

The money for the scheme would come from the funds the Union was seeking for its extension from the A.U.C. and money the University was seeking from the A.U.C. to extend the present Administration buildings.

A.U.C. approval of this transfer of projects is now being sought by the University.

When the A.U.C. visited the University last October it made a short inspection of the Union, in connection with the Union's submission for money for an extension. Several members of the Commission were highly critical of the existing building and were concerned about some features of planned extensions.

The fate of the whole proposal is expected to be finally decided by third term.



From within this dense undergrowth, an impending erection.....

# SEX - A DISCUSSION

by Gordon Herbert

Last week a Canberra resident withdrew his daughter's enrollment from this university, and a Canberra Reverend inveighed about the decline of the Roman Empire, both because an undergraduate sought to break through our society's repression on sexual matters and initiate some sensible discussion. The article, in 'Orientation 69', did in fact initiate discussion and favourable comment from many respectable and even staid people. That it initiated a hysterical and seemingly conditioned-response reaction from others is evident.

One could dismiss the reactions of the two people as simply individual choices, but one cannot because they influence other persons, the minister his parish and the wider community in general, and the father his daughter. Publicity given to both extremist positions influences the policy makers in university life (see Parducci, A. in Sci. Am., Dec. 1968).

The article emphasised personal choice, which is important, for the conflict is one of the freedom to take whatever attitude one likes towards sexual matters, versus restriction of this freedom of choice because 'father' knows best. Of course because there are two sexes there can never be complete personal freedom, for consideration of the other is the first responsibility of love; it often has to be learned, and some people are incapable. But this has little to do with freedom of choice, because the problem of learning is common to all teenagers, and because the problem is still there whether one's freedom is restricted or unrestricted. When restricted the learning is delayed, and the impingement of the maturity of the late-teenager is both paternalistic and misses the very point of learning. When the freedom of choice is threatened then an understanding of the nature and origins of the threat is a first requirement, this is education for knowledge, to be followed by action, the main goal of education.

This case is not so simple. The facts do not seem to fit the allegations, though few statistics are available. First, about fornication. As a person who has worked when a late-teenager, and has also spent a number of years in the A.N.U., and from discussion with others in similar positions, my conclusion is that

fornication is no more prevalent in university than it is elsewhere among late-teenagers. Surveys elsewhere tend to support this conclusion. Second, about the article. The 'statistical probability' in the article referred to the age group. The apparent liberalism is a liberalism of discussion which can be expected from people in a university. Of course some people 'do it', but it is done equally frequently outside of university. C'est la vie. We have the gall to be frank. Again, one meets occasional persons in university with the intelligence to handle their emotional lives with great confidence and without hypocrisy, but these are a minority, if they do draw attention. Should there be any group pressure upon an undergraduate, then the article's insistence upon the honesty of one's own personal feelings against bullying and submission surely indicates what the article was about.

Suspicion, titillation, projection, anxiety, and superficiality of perception tend to generate false assumptions. The large-scale 'open system' of society tends to encourage superficiality in social perception; 'looks' matter more than content. It is both absurd and sad that the mention of the word fornication should seem to be an invitation to fornication, but that is Australia.

An understanding of some personality characteristics is necessary to realise that reason is not an effective communication media between very different people. The moralist positioning of both Reverend and father, and the insistence upon discipline especially by the Reverend suggest authoritarian types of personality, though this can only be speculation. Such types tend to be naturally re-

strictive, and 'see' permissiveness more frequently than the democratic type of personality would. The 'permissive society' is meaningless in an absolute sense, though in comparison to the historically abnormal Victorian era, we are today less repressed and restrictive. An adequate observation on the effect of repression is the sudden tendency to promiscuity by the girls of Germany (which has a rather authoritarian society) when encountering the freedom of a Mediterranean holiday. This is all the more reason why open discussion and complete sex education should be encouraged, along with 'permissiveness' or freedom of choice. Once this is accomplished then there will be less emphasis on sex and more emphasis on love in society. If there is going to be a reaction against repression, it will happen whether in a university, on an overseas cruise, or when working away from home. France is very permissive about sex and the young develop a concern about love (also reflected in filmmaking.) England represses sex and never gets over the fact (also expressed in filmmaking.) The principle was at work during prohibition in the U.S.A.. The interest in pornography in Denmark has dropped greatly since major censorship there was lifted.

American psychologist C. Grave has an operational theory, which works well in practice, about 'levels of civilization', in individuals, societies, and nations. The higher the level, the more freedom of choice one gives to oneself. It is the responsibility of the more 'civilized' to protect their freedom, and to try to help others, if possible, by education.

I believe that this was the motivation of the writer of the article on sex in 'Orientation 69'. The aim was to stimulate sensible discussion about a topic which has been repressed in our society, to the detriment of both sexual life and society.

An appropriate quotation to close with is that of Melville's preacher in 'Moby Dick', summing up the lesson of Jonah:

"Woe unto him who, in this world, courts not dishonour".

# NEWS NEWS NEWS

## BRIEFS

### CORRECTION TO FACULTY HANDBOOK

In listing the important dates in 1969 in the Faculty Handbook for 1969 the University was guided by the normal practice under which Queen's Birthday is the second Monday of June and showed Queen's Birthday Holiday as 9 June.

The Prime Minister's Department has now announced that the Queen's Birthday will be observed on 16 June.

Classes will be held as usual and the University Office will be open on Monday 9 June. On Monday 16 June there will be no classes and the University Office will be closed.

\* \* \* \*

### CONCERT IN BRUCE HALL BY VISITING GERMAN STUDENT CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

On Wednesday 26 March the A.N.U., in conjunction with the PAC/SRC, are sponsoring a concert by the visiting student chamber orchestra from Tubingen, Germany. The orchestra consists of 17 young university students, who, apart from their musical activities, are very much interested in establishing friendly contacts with universities around the world.

We hope that all those interested at A.N.U. can indeed meet with these students from Germany during their brief stay with us.

Included in the next issue of 'Woroni' will be a fuller account of this visit and details of the concert which we hope will be well attended by A.N.U. students.

# UNION CHANGES

Vast changes have been made in the refectory and milkbar service in the Union over the vacation, some are even still being made.

The changes in the refectory service are to provide a second hot food race and to cut down the long queues at lunch times. The Union plans to operate a grill service from where the Milk Bar was last year.

The whole of the Milk Bar service including tea and coffee has been moved to operate from a new long counter being erected in what used to be the ground floor coffee room.

There are also plans to install a cigarette vending machine in the Milk Bar which will be open later at night than upstairs' coffee lounge.

The Upstairs coffee lounge service is to continue unchanged. One problem created by the new milk bar set up in the coffee lounge is a loss of seating space.

However, architects have already been called in to consider extending onto the terrace later this year; extension which were planned for 1971.

It is hoped that the changes in the Union will result in a better and speedier service for hungry students. Some of whom should also be pleased to know that the Juke box is returning to the Milk Bar area.

# JOHN'S OPENING

A second denominational college took its place on the ANU campus on Saturday February 22 with the official opening of John XXIII College.



Father Hegarty, Master of John XXIII, likes the new lodgings.

The College which has been run for two years by the Dominican Fathers is really only a changing situation from the decrepit Lennox buildings in Acton. However the number of students in the new College is already an expected 240 for first term - more than twice the number of students in the old Lennox -John XXIII College last year.

The College could at present accommodate 277. However the dining room seats 350 which will be the ultimate capacity of the college.

Discipline in the College will be run largely by the Junior Common Room

Committee as it was last year and the rules of visiting hours are the same as they have been in the old Lennox House for the past two years.

Visitors of both sexes are allowed up until 11 p.m. every night of the week and there is stipulation that young ladies not be allowed on the premises before 9 a.m.

The fees in the new College have gone up from the set of Lennox House fees of \$500 for the year to \$640, exceeding the halls by \$40 - however the halls enjoy a \$30 subsidy.

# A PHOENIX TOO FREQUENT

The most exciting session at the Annual Council of the National Union of Australian University Students is INTERNATIONAL.

At the 1969 February Council it was pre- luded by a telephone call for the Pres- ident from Holland and concluded by a decision to send cablegrams to Ghana and the headquarters of the International Student Conference (ISC) in Europe.

The question was whether (and I am distilling the essence of the debate some- what) NUAUS should rise "phoenix like" from the ashes of the dying ISC hand in hand with our hemispherical "Asian" neighbours, or, join another International organisation like the Communist domi- nated International Union of Students.

NUAUS is big time. Its lucky roving ambassadors (and you too could be one of these if you start building your polit- ical woodpile now) travel the world, dropping in here and there and making contact with fellow student organisms. Its International functions, however, seem to have a lot in common with the glowing but alas insubstantial, phoenix.

The hard fought motions which pass the International plenary on issues like the Vietnam War, make the National news; but they rarely have much effect on the real public.

Unhappily most students do not hear about the exciting debates of the National Union.

The Union has very little contact with its own members, partly this is because NUAUS is not a Union of individual members but a confederation of sovereign SRC's (Student Representative Councils) from each Australian University. All too frequently these SRC's are also remote from their own student bodies.

At ANU during 1968 an SRC crisis brought the Union before the student body. Predictably, it was a debate over an increased fee rise and the question was

raised - exactly what do we get for our money from NUAUS?

## JUNKET OR TRADE UNION

The Trade Union benefits of NUAUS - political agitation for benefits in fields such as Taxation and Scholarships - Travel schemes, and other money saving devices, affect a considerable number of students. But they are hard to measure in cold cash.

The "social action" activities - Abschol, the Papua/New Guinea work scheme, National Service resistance, and Education research and activity, are even harder to measure.

No-one would deny that the concept of a National Union working in these fields is worthwhile. But the criticism levelled at NUAUS is that it fails to make much impression on most students.

The junketing - political conferences and social exchanges over the keg and the flagon - are criticized as fine for the few who attend them but of little value to most Australian students.

A University is a place where ideas are exchanged. NUAUS reproduces this in a political atmosphere. Every student delegate who goes there is involved, eager to participate and prepared to work extremely long hours at conference sessions.

But NUAUS is not just a policy making Council - it is its National Officers - full time paid officials who conduct the Union affairs over the year.

The National Officers however (whatever they may think) are less important in the long run than the local officers. Unless, the message is spread to individual campuses, NUAUS is just a string of letters. It's rather trite to say but it still remains true that to get anything out of an organisation you have to put something into it.

## UNION NOTICE

FOR THE INFORMATION OF MEMBERS

### LOCKERS

A limited number of lockers are available for hire from the Union Office on the basis of the principle "first come, first served", as from Monday 10th March, 1969.

An annual charge of 50 cents shall be levied for the use of each locker during a full hiring period (roughly identical to the academic year) and a returnable key deposit of \$1.50 shall be levied at the time of hiring.

For further details, read the relevant Locker Rules displayed in the Union.

### USE OF ADVERTISING THROUGH THE UNION PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

The Union Public Address System will be available for announcements between 12.50 p.m. and 1 p.m. during each lunch - time.

Daily advertising material should be submitted 24 hours before the time of broadcast at the Secretary's Office. These will be handled by the two appointed "Town Criers", Messrs Mark Cunliffe and David Jones.

Members particularly executive members of Clubs and Societies and organisers of functions, are requested to put in their advertisements in good time to ensure the proper publication of their messages.

### PARKING

The last meeting of the Union House Committee, in conformity with previous resolutions of the Board, decided that the Parking Rules be enforced as from 1 st March, 1969.

The relevant Parking Rules are displayed on the Union Notice Board.

Members are asked to observe the traffic and parking signs displayed in the Union parking area as breaches of Parking Rules will be dealt with according to the House Committee's recommend- ation without further warning and offenders will be fined \$1.00 for a breach.

### UNION CRICKET MATCH

A Staff/Student cricket match will be held at the South Oval on Sunday, 9th March, commencing at 11 a.m. All members are invited to attend and free refreshments will be avail- able right through the match and afternoon tea will be served at approximately 3.30 p.m.

### GAMES ROOM RULES

With regard to the use of the Games Room, please read the detailed Games Room Rules, displayed on the Union Notice Board, noting that, according to the resolution of the House Committee, members or their guests abusing the available facilities will be fined \$1.00. Please note further, that tickets for the use of the billiard tables are available from the Milk Bar. They cost 5 cents for a period of 20 minutes.

### FUNCTIONS

Organisers of functions please note that detailed information including booking procedure, catering, the relevant charges etc., is available from the Union office, and the Board of Man- agement asks all organisers to make sure that the relevant Union rules are adhered to at all times.

E. C. de Totth

UNION SECRETARY

# LECTURNE REVERSED

Orientation Week. 1,300 new students have joined our illustrious little band of A.N.U.S. Bravo, welcome aboard, congratulations on your matriculation. Let us compose ourselves now; stop the boozing and tidy up. All your neighbours have got the message, you are a uni student.

But, Orientation Week finds you confused; you had failed to realise that there are 3,000 other anus'es, all like yourself and that there are even irritatingly better than your person. More people look at them as they wizz through the Union Building on an urgent mission which if accomplished will save the entire student body from utter collapse. Stir man, that is your answer, stir.

Complete insignificance is only part of the many problems that will confront students on a daily basis throughout their entire academic career. For instance, What is going to happen next week when those lectures and tutorials begin?

Who is that lecturer with the cool, calm, collective nature? Hasn't he amassed a wealth of knowledge and yet to the female student he looks so delightfully young. Yes, the epitomy of sophistication and all that is worth while in life.

The generous revelation of his name and unit which he teaches gener- ates a mutually warm friendship twixt student and scholar. Non- chalantly he will, for the whole of 1969 take you on an adventure of knowledge such that you have never experienced before. Ah, but alas, What of reality? That friendly feeling of security and complete trust and devotion toward your newly acquired lecturer has been shattered.

His personality becomes exasperating as it repeats itself in whimsical retort bi-weekly. A blanket of contempt sweeps through the minds of portions of the lectured. He has become horrid, impersonal and over confident. An ugly barrier has been unnecessarily created by the mis- understanding of the two parties.

A barrier that is partly responsible for student unrest and violence that dominates world news of today. If only the lecturer could have been reversed, that lectern which shields the lecturer from any other field, outside the field currently under discussion.

Is it right that the only communication students have with their teachers be solely built around a curriculum? Is there need for the scope to be widened around more vital questions, for instance;

Does the teacher think a certain type of student is more suitable to a particular field?

Where does the personal satisfaction lie with such a subject?

How can a more personal approach be created, which is not offensive to either party.

These are some of the problems that the Vice Chancellor of the Australian National University raised at a forum held out side on the terrace of the Union Building, in mid October of 1968. Sir John Craw- ford in replying to criticism levelled at the university administration urged that there be more visible contact between student and adminis- trator, equalising the level of discussion and ideas between parties.

Woroni believes that a major step forward in establishing contact between the governors and the governed is a column which expresses the views and ideas of individual deans, professors and tutors from the various faculties on campus at A.N.U. In a series of frank interviews and discussion, Franklin Boddy Jr. endeavours to reach into the minds of our academic masters. We don't know whether this will change a policy or style that a certain faculty may or not use, but we do know that the impersonal barrier between student and professional academic will be bridged a little closer through the reading of Lecturne Reversed.



# FIRST BASE - HOME BASE

by Tony Seelaf

Now that you've arrived what are your immediate needs? Sorry I can't accommodate you with that! But with the Orientation Hand book clutched in your hot little hands you're half way there. If you read it you may find that it contains many opinions of what the Uni should be, and offers concepts of Hall living and sexual probability.

But what are your immediate needs? If you are like me, after the battle to get in, comes the mundane chores of living from day to day. Mundane if you treat them as such, but still necessary.

to come back when Uni starts and lug all that junk around. I wonder if the Salvation Army wants any of it? May as well enjoy the rest of the day playing the tourist game sizing up the birds."

I was able to come a fortnight before Uni started, on a reconnaissance flight for a week-end: just to case the joint you might say. To me Canberra was a far off place where decisions were made for you and if the bureaucracy had its way, made also for your dog. Still, I was accepted here (who else would have me?) and it was going to be home, all being well, for the next three years. "Better make a go of it."

I had a car load of junk and no place to put it. I had to sleep sitting up in dirty socks amongst cartons of clothes and books. You travel hundreds (nay thousands) of miles from one concrete oasis to another. This one has more shade.

"I noticed a large block of flats just behind the shops."

"You mean North of Civic?"

"Hell, I don't know where north is."

"Well, if they're the ones you mean they're government flats and have a three year waiting list. Now our office has a nice flat in Hackett only five miles from Civic and at \$16.50 per week, anyone can afford it."

"Gord, that's about what I expect to be earning a month. What about a house?" I had brought some capital with me in case of emergencies like this.

"I can give you a two bedroomed house, all mod cons (I'll bet) for \$30.00 a week, rent fortnightly in advance with a \$50.00 bond and a lease for six months."

"You're very kind but I'd have to sell my car to take it."

I made it to three agents that Saturday morning and couldn't find anything suitable (meaning cheap). Maybe I was too used to big city prices and rents. Cheap houses that can be made comfortable with a little effort, not the ready made, wall-to-wall, brick veneer, tastefully decorated, fully furnished, heated, suburban villas they offered. It's called roughing it near the gutter.

"Well that was a waste of a trip. I'll have

classifieds. "If only I could make it down the hill without getting lost?"

I took my bearings and headed for the Uni. I made it, but it was the wrong Uni, Duntroon doesn't have any accommodation for a civvie.

I began to regret the decision made much earlier, not to enrol for a Hall of Residence, but then I'm not the regimental

I took off down this dirt road, past the place twice before I recognised it and fronted up.

"Ten dollars a week?"

"I'll take it." At nine miles from the shops it was as far as I used to travel each day in the big smoke. No smoke here, strictly grass, cow dung and two beds. It wasn't exactly heaven but it was a home base. I looked around for about a month afterwards, I could afford to, weighed up the petrol bill, rent and travelling time and came out on top. For me, every day was Bush Week.

About 80% of the A.C.T. is rural, so your chances of getting shearer's quarters or the second house on the property are good. But then transport becomes another necessity. Gundaroo is fast becoming Canberra's Carlton, and others have lodgings with Nature on the Murrumbidgee, Cotter and other scenic spots. The alternative is to lead a more gregarious existence either in the Halls, which are usually full, or in a house in Suburbia.

Houses range from \$20 in Queanbeyan and \$30 in Turner, Hackett and other lower (geographical) suburbs to \$35 and \$60 in Red Hill, O'Connor Heights and Narrabundah Heights. Flats are usually cheaper and range from \$10 or less in Queanbeyan to \$30 plus for a two bedroomed mod in the more exclusive areas. (You'll soon find out where.)

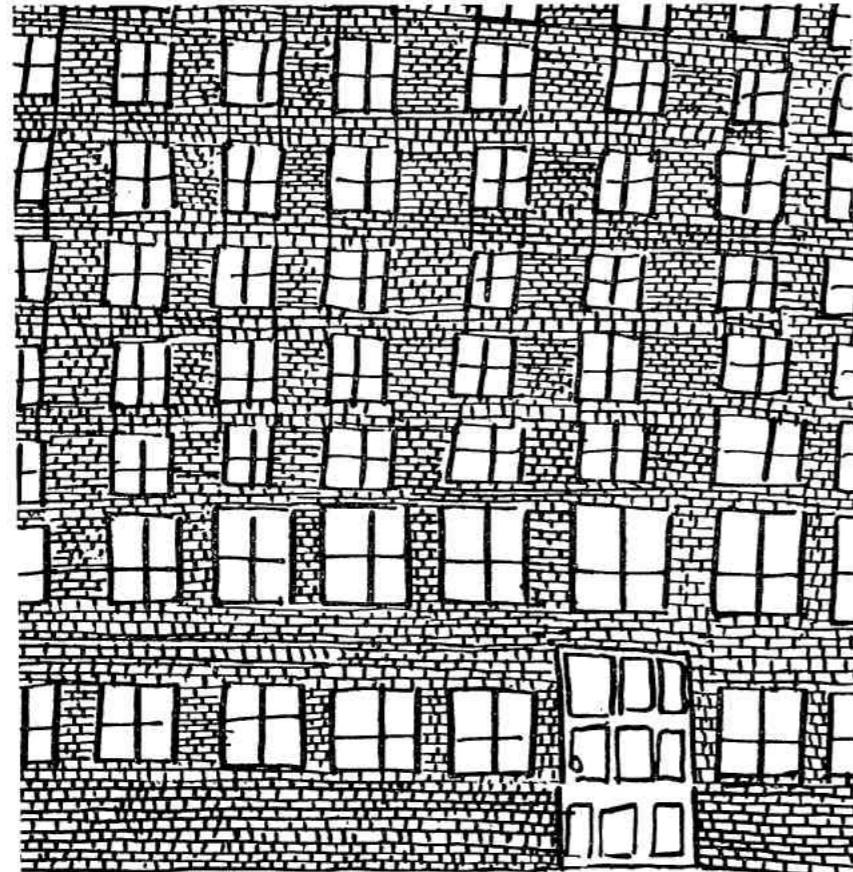
Over the last three weeks there has been an average of 25 Flat bed-sitters and 10 houses in Saturday's Canberra Times. Not much when compared with the full columns in other city papers.

Agents don't always have their rentals advertised (there's more to be made in selling new homes) and are worth checking out even if they check you first.

The University Administration has a housing officer who sometimes comes up with a beauty, at least they check for you and may save some searching time or the wander in the wilderness.

For the first night in Canberra you can sleep under a bridge, the second under trees, weather permitting, and the third you can freeze to death on the Library lawn, then and only then will something be done about providing cheap accommodation for the few but obviously poor students at this Uni.

Before you plan martyrdom check the Union notice board, hang around, look homeless, try the Salvation Army or the Old Men's Home, then I may come by and offer a bed for the night.



I climbed up Red Hill for a general geek.

"I didn't know that there was a merry-go round up here."

Somebody certainly went mad with the trees and the curves. Must have cut down all the gums in Woden to plant houses. Stromlo's green velvet with a silver screw in its head."

Beyond was Queanbeyan.

"Never tried there, maybe some agents are still operating this arvo?"

I tried, I really tried. I ended up following those cursed little yellow arrows back to Red Hill. Red Hill was the anchor, from there I could see all. "A good place for a fort."

I must have stayed there an hour or more, read the Canberra Times twice, tore out the prospective flats and houses from the

type or the traditional or the quasi-religious.

It was dark by now and I had kept on driving past Duntroon in the hope that all roads led to Rome. But the sign said "A.C.T. border."

"Nothing like us jet set sleeping interstate then hopping over to the Capital next morn." I turned the heap around, it likes to know where its going, and spent a cold night fighting mosses and car lights.

About 6 a.m. this guy came by on a tractor. I gave him a yell. You have more gaul than Caesar when you're homeless.

Breakfast-nup. Cigarette-yep, directions yep, House-maybe. "Go see this bloke down the road, he's got two, can only live in one at a time, think the other's empty."

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# HOW DID

When men look back on their lives, they don't remember the drudgery of everyday existence of the boredom of the classroom and workshop. Rather a series of Momentous Events stands out and as they reminisce it is these Bright Spots that causes them to exclaim: "That was a great year."

Its a long time ago, but when I think back over first year, the Moment that made Political Science I memorable was the time the lecturer was hissed and booted out of the lecture hall. That doesn't happen very often here, and for me that was a greater event than the hours of sheer boredom in the Childers Street Hall.

But for everyone in the years to come, the Australian National University will hold some memories and they will be no more than what they make them now.

For me, 1965 was The Year. And 1965 was Burton Hall. No one who survived that experience, (and not many did), can fail to regard it as a turning point of Great Moment.

After a careful process of selection, where the warden siphoned off all students who were senior, intelligent or scholarship holders to Bruce Hall, 200 innocent little freshers were piled two to a room into the first third of Burton Hall.

We moved in on top of the workers, and at 6.30 a.m. every morning the workers moved in on us. The lass who lived on the second floor typified the experiences of many that year. About to get dressed for breakfast one morning, she was startled to see a ladder and then a head appear at her window. In nothing but a pair of thongs, she advanced to the window, gave the ladder a hearty push and sent the poor man crashing to the ground, thus causing the ANU's First Rift in Worker/Student Relations.

There was no central block or dining hall until third term, which meant - all meals in the Union, including breakfast. Three miles a day for meals was good exercise, but there was no concrete path to the Union and no footbridge across Sullivans Creek. No student who dates himself 'Burton 1965' did not fall into the creek at least once that year.

And, as well as two to a room, there were no desks, or carpets in the corridor, or lots of things. But trauma came when the carpets were laid. People were shifted from block to block and from floor to floor. One day the toilets read 'men' and the next they were 'women'. By the end of the week 'miscellaneous' began appearing.

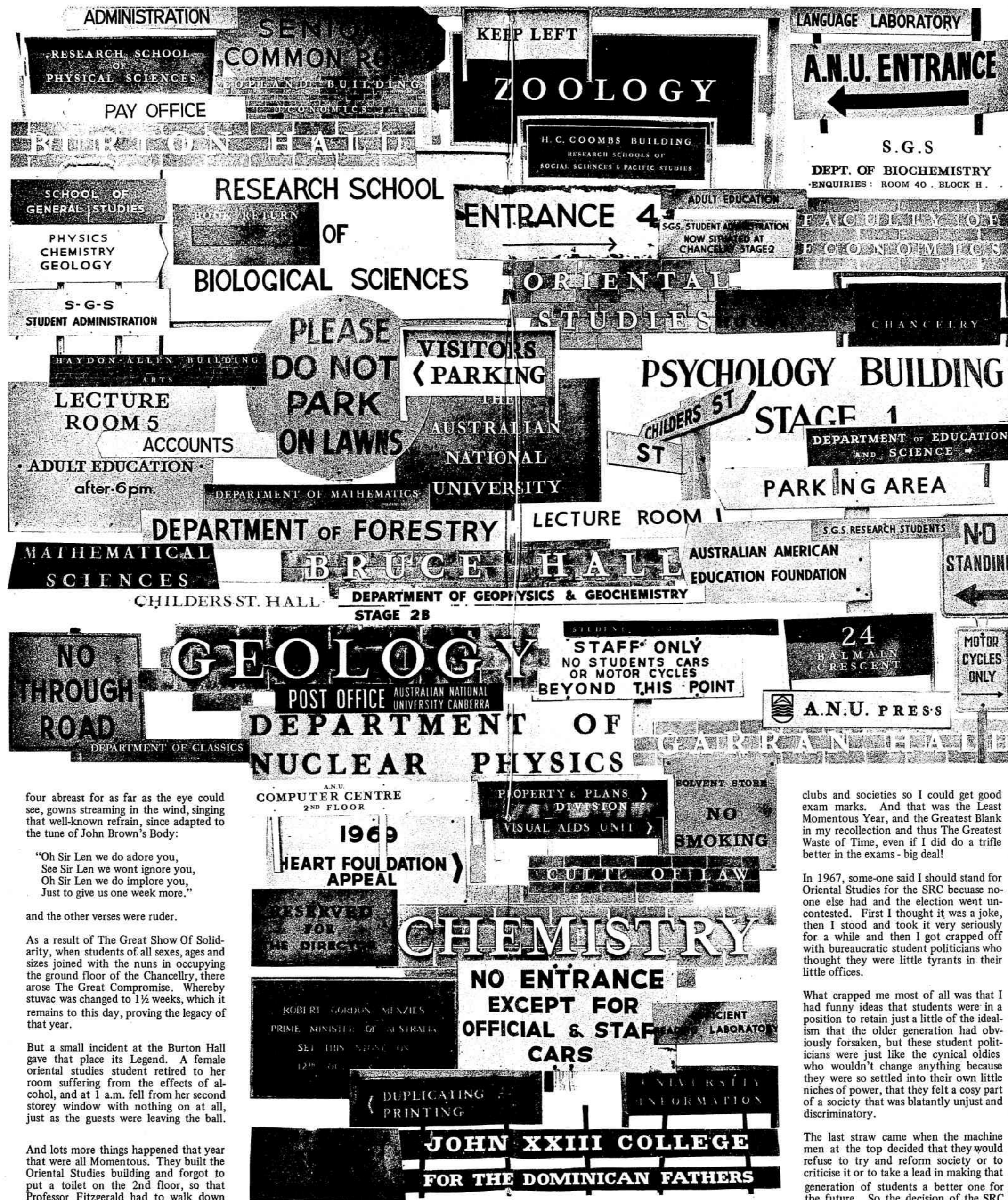
Visiting hours were difficult to implement that year as the two sexes were separated from each other by only a few feet of concrete corridor. A circular from the warden prohibiting "ingress and egress by way of windows" did not cure the problem, and prowlers and promiscuity increased.

By second term you couldn't put 'Burton' on your account at Cheshire's for the looks you got over the counter. The name was on every one's lips after a pamphlet was left on every door in the hall, warning against the dangers of VD. A 15-year-old maid was sacked when she got pregnant and the stories that wafted around Canberra made 'Burton' the dirty word of the year.

My Very First Humiliation however occurred in Orientation Week of that year. Alongside an official screed in our rooms on hall rules, was a similarly-typed circular directing all Burton residents to report in the Bruce Hall quadrangle for fire drill. We were to fill our wastepaper baskets with water and bring them. So the Bruce Hall people found it very funny as 250 little straight-out-of-school freshers stood foolishly in the quadrangle holding their wastepaper tins.

And I will never forget My First Demmo! That was inspiring! And that was the Burton Spirit! All of Burton Hall donned their gowns when the Vice-chancellor, Sir Leonard Huxley, announced that stuvac was to be cut from 2weeks to one.

In what has become known throughout the Monaro as The Great March, we set out for the Chancellery across the wasteland on the other side of Daley Road,



four abreast for as far as the eye could see, gowns streaming in the wind, singing that well-known refrain, since adapted to the tune of John Brown's Body:

"Oh Sir Len we do adore you,  
See Sir Len we wont ignore you,  
Oh Sir Len we do implore you,  
Just to give us one week more."

and the other verses were ruder.

As a result of The Great Show Of Solidarity, when students of all sexes, ages and sizes joined with the nuns in occupying the ground floor of the Chancellery, there arose The Great Compromise. Whereby stuvac was changed to 1½ weeks, which it remains to this day, proving the legacy of that year.

But a small incident at the Burton Hall gave that place its Legend. A female oriental studies student retired to her room suffering from the effects of alcohol, and at 1 a.m. fell from her second storey window with nothing on at all, just as the guests were leaving the ball.

And lots more things happened that year that were all Momentous. They built the Oriental Studies building and forgot to put a toilet on the 2nd floor, so that Professor Fitzgerald had to walk down two flights of steps when he had to go. And Childers St. got a year older. And ANU students performed The Robbery Of The Year by swiping 7 Dobeles from the War Memorial (Burton students as it happened) and so on.

And two-thirds of Burton Hall failed in 1965, and only two people in the whole of Bruce did, but we had a great time.

In 1966, in about May, a friend, in a

higher year, said he was standing for the SRC. Well, gasped I in awe, how courageous, how ambitious! And he got in unopposed as did most other candidates, so I forgot about the SRC for another year, which was fairly easy to do. The next year I found out the difference between the Union and SRC and I wasn't im-

pressed.

It was another year before I heard about the University Council and then I was really confused.

In 1966 I decided to work instead of doing extra things, and I stopped joining

clubs and societies so I could get good exam marks. And that was the Least Momentous Year, and the Greatest Blank in my recollection and thus The Greatest Waste of Time, even if I did do a trifle better in the exams - big deal!

In 1967, some-one said I should stand for Oriental Studies for the SRC because no-one else had and the election went uncontested. First I thought it was a joke, then I stood and took it very seriously for a while and then I got crapped off with bureaucratic student politicians who thought they were little tyrants in their little offices.

What crapped me most of all was that I had funny ideas that students were in a position to retain just a little of the idealism that the older generation had obviously forsaken, but these student politicians were just like the cynical oldies who wouldn't change anything because they were so settled into their own little niches of power, that they felt a cosy part of a society that was blatantly unjust and discriminatory.

The last straw came when the machine men at the top decided that they would refuse to try and reform society or to criticise it or to take a lead in making that generation of students a better one for the future. So the decision of the SRC to refuse to take part in politics or to have anything to do with the outside world lead me into My First Great Crisis.

Very dramatically eight of us resigned from the SRC and the news made headlines as far afield as the Melbourne Herald. Polemics, daily Woronis, harangues and heated debates culminated in the Great Meeting where 400 students jammed into the Union, and the ANU re-

asserted itself as the most conservative university in Australia by voting 220-130 for staying out of politics.

And during this whole time I became more and more cynical and YOU, no matter how idealistic you are now, will also become cynical beofre you leave.

Sub-consciously, I did, perhaps until last year, always feel that there were kings and rulers who laid down the standards of life at the ANU - dictators that you could resist in the same way as you resist nasty high school teachers by putting gum on their chairs. Knowing all along that you couldn't really break their power, but it was fun spitting them and anyway, sooner or later, you'd be one of them and you'd be able to be as authoritarian as them.

Here they are the Vice-chancellor, the Wardens of the Halls, the SRC and the Union Board, the Professors - these our dictators, and no one realizes how they rule our lives.

In my erratic ramblings, and by the way, I am writing this at 3.30 in the morning, because the editor is short of material for Woroni, I've forgotten to talk about the Academic life at the ANU - after all that's what your parents send you here for.

I've always found lectures, especially in Pol. Sc. I very very dull, and I used to fall asleep very often. There was the lecturer standing out on the platform in front delivering this sermon, (I also find church dull), and there was every body taking everything down, because the lecturer spoke the truth.

And then we had tutes and it was just the same. The Man Who Knew Everything sat at the head of the people, and we just knew that he was right. After all, he marked the exam papers. And didn't the exam paper prove how educated you were?

And there were the essays. The only Momentous thing I can remember about essays in that in four years at the ANU, I never had a single essay in on time, even in the subjects where it was most compulsory. Getting extensions was always pretty humiliating - crawling to the lecturer and making up false excuses to get an extra few days. And staying up all night, hating every minute of it, and knowing that you had to have it in the box by 9.00 a.m. And they were all so boring, taking lots of dreary notes.

Really last year was my first awakening, and I don't know why it took so long. But people started questioning all this authoritarianism and bucking against it, and saying that they wanted power like the kings of the University. And the kings resisted, some by good-naturedly talking to us as you talk to naughty kids and tell them to come now, they can have an ice-cream if they're good, and others by kicking us in the teeth.

Anyway, I'm dead tired now, and its nearly four o'clock and Charlie wont be happy because this isn't long enough for him to fill up all his blank spaces - (no doubt he'll pad with plenty of pictures) - and also because this is all nonsense. But I want to go to bed, so I'm going to write one more paragraph, which I think will be moralistic.

This may sound like a platitude, but students forget it unconsciously over the years: Never forget your ideal society, no matter how much you get caught up in the system - don't say, well, thats the way the world ticks and I'm part of the world so I'll stick with it.

As soon as you get a job, there's an enormous amount of subtle pressure to get you to stop thinking, - and university is like that too. A lot of you new students are only doing a degree so you can earn a few hundred extra bucks a year in a few years from now. But to those who haven't sold their souls yet, listen to a cynical old man's ravings and make this year MOMENTOUS. It'll be the more momentous, the more you are inclined to look back on it ten years from now. And its got to be momentous if you want to live and not exist.

The Australian National University can be a landmark in your life too, if that is what you make it.

# BECOME

# CHARLIE WAS AN EDITOR, OR, HOW A PENNILESS NEWSBOY FROM THE BRONX BECAME PRESIDENT OF A MULT-MILLION DOLLAR PRESS CONSORTIUM.

by Jon Stephens

"Roll dat press, tote dat barge, lift dat bale" — ah, the cry of the old letterpress printer rings true in my ear. Ah but those days are gone, finished, alas! Back in the good old days when a pica was a pica and a ludlow was a man's best friend, a newspaper was really something. (William Caxton and I are just good friends.) But times have changed. And so has WORONI.

You want to know how WORONI's produced? Well it's a long and tedious process, if you tackle it with the wrong outlook, but its stimulating and good exercise if you don't.

WORONI begins the year with an impassioned speech by the Editor to freshers extolling the virtues and pleasures to be gained from assisting in the production of WORONI. Editor's speeches are such treats that I won't spoil them by intruding on their territory. They closely resemble a recruiting drive for the Royal Hussars — YOU'RE EDITOR WANTS YOU. This, of course, is true. To make an attractive and worthwhile newspaper, especially on campus, — you need many individuals participating.

Frequently the cry of bias, unrepresentative material etc. are levelled against the editor. In many cases this may be true. But an editor can only print the material he has available to him (old chinese proverb "No story, no glory"). All this adds up to the fact that the first thing you need is hundreds of people willing to do big jobs and small — to write, draw, sub-edit, design layout, photograph, report, review etcetera etcetera ad nauseam.

Basically, and with luck, you can divide production into two halves. Content and design.

It might be wise to add here that much of the following is idealistic and theoretical — in the newspaper game (says he shouting "copy boy" and blowing the dust from his annotated Damon Runyan) — theory and practice are quite far apart, especially with WORONI. However, . . .

WORONI is divided into various sections within itself — news, features, reviews, sports — all of which have a supervising editor; as well as an artistic director, photographic editor and a few resident artists, cartoonists etc. Each editor is in charge of his section of the paper and ensuring that all the articles are submitted by deadline. He sub-edits, re-writes and suggests the location of each article and the type of art work that should surround it.

Immediately one issue of WORONI has gone to press, the editor, in his infinite wisdom, calls a staff meeting of all the various editors to plan what is to go in the next issue. Subjects are bandied round in convivial fashion, and everyone gets more and more excited, and the editor gets more and more confused. The purpose of this meeting is to try and get a clear indication of the type of stories that will appear, any links with other stories, type of photography etc. required. Once this has been sorted out, the issue is practically in the bag and nothing is left to a last minute. (You've got to be joking!!!!) What really happens is that the editor goes out for a drink half way through this, and nobody notices he is missing. By the time he returns, he has decided to just let the copy come into his in tray and he'll work it out from there. Just as he has for every other issue he's done for the last year.)

The meeting breaks up, and the editors disperse, in their minds is firmly fixed the tasks they must accomplish, the people they must see, the staff they must coordinate to get stories.

NEWS EDITOR: God; I must get a bloody photographer to cover the S.C.M. underground film show. . .

REVIEWS EDITOR: Who in the hell knows anything about the spring rituals of the nubian polar bears? . . .

SPORTS EDITOR: Think we'll do a big spread on lacrosse — nah, too much

effort. Oh something'll come in.

PIX EDITOR: If I set the aperture at 19 7/8 and the exposure at 36 below freezing, I ought just be able to drop a cent through the lense. . .

FEATURES EDITOR: I guess we'll just have to run the story on the Paris riots again.

. . . well that's the sort of thing they say anyway.

Once having achieved this small feat, the editor can relax secure in the knowledge that indeed his ever faithful minions are making good use of those eager young people that HE went to so much trouble to recruit.

Well, sooner or later (mostly later), don't ask me how, the articles start to come in. Its rather akin to the miracle of the Red Sea parting, when you come to think of it. The editor, ever alert to the slightest hint of an article, pounces. Picks up the article. Darts among photos, other

. . . . condensed from Readers Digest.

page anyway, but it gives them both something to do, so, who complains?

Now comes the exciting part. The deadline has passed, half of the copy has been typeset and the rest is still to come in. The editor is having apoplexy, and chases around rousing his other editors to action. A typist is mustered and rostered on to 24 hour schedule and the battle commences yet again.

Meantime, the ads have arrived. "Where are we going to put all these bloody ads? I guess we'll just have to drop three pages of copy to fit them in." Do we drop the stuff that has not yet been typed? Of course not! The late stuff is always the good stuff — so we drop the early stuff.

Eager crowds of layout people, artists, cutter ups of the scads of magazines that lie round the office, pasters, tea ladies, gather in their millions in the office. Editor still not clear what he wants to put where. God, where are the photographs? Just have to start without them. Leave a gap and we'll fit in whatever we can later. It's now 9 a.m. Saturday morning and the paste ups must be in the hand of the printers by Monday morning.



articles, magazines, filthy postcards and other wealth which has amassed on his desk, quickly depositing them on the floor in the process, and finally, reveals a pencil.

Almost overcome with feverish energy, he starts to read and sub-edit. The mood passes, after all, if someone wrote it, it must be good enough to put in, wonder what it's about?

With decisions to make and crises forever looming on the horizon, he has not a moment to lose. He rushes the article to the IBM typesetter. America gave us John Wilkes Booth, Benedict Arnold and IBM.

(Wave stars and stripes as appropriate.) This magnificent piece of machine, which costs a small fortune, and is cunningly hidden away underneath gestetner paper in an office somewhere, quickly turns the written word into an easily read, camera justified type page, except when you make mistakes which are easy to do. Prior to this the editor, in a fit of industry has scrawled 11 point Unvers Light over 19 ems 11 on 13. Now he doesn't know what it means, and the typist doesn't know what it means, and it won't fit on that

white plain).

The atmosphere is becoming carnival as the afternoon weafs on and more people gather, make a minor contribution, and leave having made their gesture towards student activity and the Australian way of life. Beauty, somebody brought in their record player. Reviews editor lifts last week's milkshake carton from atop the Vanilla Fudge's latest record. "Here come the fudge" shouts some idiot who is immediately belted with rapidographs, the last pair of scissors, bottles of glue and left over copies of the BOONG QUARTERLY. "Sock it to me, sock it to me" laughs the editor. They do. Everyone goes home for tea, after a furious argument as to where to hide the key, so the first one back can get in.

Only a few stayers for the evening bout. The tea lady and chief of layout are frugging to the Vanilla Fudge which is playing slightly slower than it is supposed as the humorous political columnist has poured some rubber cement on to the turntable. Hilarity is mounting as someone arrives with a couple of bottles of beer, to discover that there are at least twenty people wanting beer and there is only one glass. Mad improvisation as ink is tipped out, and bottles washed. Roars of laughter, as the bod who everyone thought was doing the story head for page two turns out to have spent the entire afternoon on the letraset writing an obscene joke.

By now the staff list, the letters to the editor have been pasted up, and there is a heading to the front page. Wearing by the work of the day, the staff departs at one to return for yet another day.

Comes Sunday, the rooster crowed some eight hours ago, and four people, freshly showered stand outside the WORONI office cursing, and waiting for the Editor to arrive with the key, so they can start on yet another days work.

Sunday proceeds much the same as Saturday. The copy boy remembers that the poor typist has been locked inside the Union all night. They all rush to the typing room to find him surrounded by cigarette butts and empty milkshake cartons. They lift him from the keyboard and insert another typist, and the beat goes on.

The day dawdles on, and some more of the copy is pasted up and some more pages laid out. All the copy has finally arrived and the pictorial editor just came in with the photos, none of which fit into the spaces left for them. Not to worry, if at first you don't succeed, cheat. Scissors out — cut the pictures to size.

Almost midnight now four people left, and six pages left to do. George took his Vanilla Fudge record home earlier in the afternoon, and Fiddler on the Roof is now entering its 17th run through. Some how, the paper is finished, at 5.45. The Editor leaps into his car and sprints out to the printers to leave the copy and paste-ups, and goes home to bed; to start the cycle all over again.

And as the sun rises slowly in the east, we bow our heads and say with pride — "We shall remember them".

That, dear friends, is basically how a newspaper is produced on campus. As you can see, it needs a lot of people to put it together. It can be inspiring, and/or interesting. There is a lot to learn, and anyway you can always put it all down to experience. If you can do any of the many and varied things listed and enumerated in the above article, heed the call of the editor as he beckons you to the flock, and you, too, can look forward to a fun, fun, fun year. Those worried by the apparent time consuming nature of the task, gain strength in the fact that WORONI happens only once a fortnight, and neither rain, nor hail, nor sleet nor dark of night shall stray them from their appointed task.

Remember, WORONI means "message stick".



REVIEWS

CINEMA

This week instead of the usual review, I present a guide to the cinematic happenings of the next fortnight or so. This reduces to a guide for freshmen to the main groups of films in Canberra, on the one hand to the film societies, and on the other to the commercial cinemas.

ANU Film Group heads the list, simply because it is the students own film society. It is run by a collection of unreconstructed film nuts and shows films that it thinks are of interest to students. Since this is often not what other film societies and the cinemas are showing it usually pays to find out what is going on here. The other activity of the film group is that of being a base from which the occasional fanatic, forgetting about work, lectures and so on, sallies forth with camera to make a film all of his own. Any other person who wishes to hold a light or push a camera dolly, is usually a very welcome fellow traveller.

As usual the Film Group has a special programme for Orientation Week, before settling down to its steady two screenings per week. All their screenings are held in the Coombs Theatre, and at \$1.00 for five screenings this represents better than supermarket value and really ought not to be missed.

The screenings for Orientation Week are

Monday 3rd	The Jokers	1.30p.m. & 8.30p.m.
Tuesday 4th	Darling	8.45a.m. & 7.00p.m.
Wednesday 5th	Whose afraid of Virginia Woolfe	10.30a.m. & 7.00p.m.
Thursday 6th	Cat Ballou	4.15p.m. & 8 p.m.
Friday 7th	The Collector	1.30p.m. & 7.30p.m.

Then the regular Thursday night and Sunday afternoon screenings commence. The word to the new is that it is by now a well established custom (of about 2 years duration) that one recovers from Saturday night by spending Sunday afternoon in the dark, and that in any case it helps to relieve the otherwise barren Canberra Sunday afternoon.

1st Week of Term:

Thursday at 7.30 p.m.  
Chris Marker programme including Le Joli Mai.

Sunday at 2.00 p.m.  
Alfred Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief".

2nd Week of Term(a Goddard Season):

Thursday at 7.30 p.m.  
Breathless and Le Carabiner

Sunday at 2.00 p.m.  
Alphaville.

Then there is the Canberra Film Centre which meets in the Playhouse at the Civic Centre. Membership for students costs about \$5.00 a year in return for usual film society fare. Being a group outside the university it will take you a while to break in here. In general the Film Centre programmes are less adventurous than the Film Groups: this means that you wont see the odd film that will make you wonder who selected that awful thing nor will you get a delightful surprise when you expected none.

Their screenings are:  
10th March at 7.00 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.

An Australian Programme:  
The Pudding Thieves  
The Girlfriend  
Abigail's Belly  
Workout.

31st March at 7.30 p.m. A Violence Programme:  
Point Blank with Lee Marvin  
Underworld USA.

Then we have the commercial cinemas. Two of them, the Center Cinema and the Civic, are in Civic, and the other one, the Capitol, is out at Manuka. The Center aims to show quality films, sometimes they succeed and sometimes they don't. At the moment Brunels 'Belle de Jour' is running for as long as the demand lasts. Despite a heavy hacking by the censor, enough of Brunels especial flavour of sensuous earthiness comes through to make it the best film on at the moment. After that comes blood, guts and chariots in 'Ben Hur', those of you who missed out in this as a school excursion can now make it up. Then after that comes Eubiecks '2001 A Space Odyssey'. This needs no introduction to those who are SF fans or whom simply delight in mechanical imaginations; anyone else may find it somewhat dull.

The Center runs also a Sunday night Classics screening, which it is worth while keeping an eye on, as every now and then something crops up that would not otherwise be shown.

The Capitol specialises in wide screen stuff, whilst the Civic usually has run of the mill stuff; both are excellent for relaxing in. Every now and then they also show something that really is worth going to see and thus it pays to keep an eye on the ads in the Times just to see what is happening.



CATHERINE DENEUVE gets the gear off in "BELLE DE JOUR".

Finally, what to do if you missed it. If a film makes it in Canberra it quite often pops up in the Queanbeyan Star as the Saturday night show about a fortnight or so later. This then gives you an excuse for Saturday night out in the Styx.

James Nichterlein.

WORONI  
NEEDS PEOPLE LIKE THIS

There are also vacancies for:

- photographers writers layouters
- typists funny guys solicitors
- good looking birds mechanics
- cooks political commentators
- fitters and turners painters-
- bottlewashers nightmen
- charlades shoe shiners
- boilermen yardmen drivers
- pretzel bender labourers
- copy boys waitress
- chauffeurs tea ladies
- con man lamp lighter
- gigolo economists
- salesman singers
- reporters weavers
- brewers shepherd
- street magician
- taxidermist
- guitarists

No shynesses  
need apply

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the ANU Sports Union will be held at 8.00 p.m. on Monday, 31st March 1969, in the Meetings Room of the University Union.

Mervyn J. Aston  
Hon. Secretary

(Advertisement)

Here's a beautiful way to save on tax - and it's legal!

Many students will probably have heard of the advantages of being classed as a farmer or "primary producer" for income tax purposes.

A company, based in Brisbane with offices in Sydney, has approached the Students' Union with a scheme by which, at a cost of one dollar, students may become primary producers. Considerable benefits will accrue, because you will be taxed under a system of "averaging income". As your income ascends, you will save very considerable income tax, for a detailed explanation, see the attached table and comment.

The question: "Why is every man not a farmer?" obviously arises and the answer is largely financial.

"To be a primary producer, it is necessary to carry on a business of primary production, either alone or with others. What is 'carrying on a business' is not defined. A few cows in a paddock does not satisfy the concept of business as many taxpayers have learnt to their sorrow. Where is the dividing line of what is a business and what is not? There is none. In the absence of a better concept as to what constitutes a business, operations should be of a scale sufficient to support a family. To err on the side of caution, an investment of less than \$20,000 to \$25,000 would be suspect. In addition, the business must be run as a business, not as a week-ender.

There are several other drawbacks in addition to the requirements for capital investment:-

- (i) The management of operations requiring specialist knowledge if the business is to be run as a business;
- (ii) When starting a new venture, there is the probability of incurring establishment losses;
- (iii) Fluctuating prices for primary produce;
- (iv) Failure can result in bankruptcy.

"We have recognised that these problems will effectively stop most taxpayers from enjoying the privileges granted to the few. We have however, just as effectively overcome the problems, and in a way which allows every taxpayer to benefit.

"Your participation in these arrangements is:-

- (i) Safe - in that you cannot be held personally liable for the business debts;
- (ii) Simple to establish - it costs only \$1;
- (iii) Profitable - study the attached table later;
- (iv) Simple to terminate - by voluntary withdrawal or by being non-financial."

The following is a direct quote from a four page brochure explaining the scheme and the advantages to students.

"How have we done it? We have established a substantial farming and grazing business which is run as a business and which is operated by a trustee. "By donating \$1 to charity you become eligible to become a beneficiary under the trust and secure your status as a primary producer. As a beneficiary, you are not liable for any business debts incurred by the trustee.

"Your continued financial interest in the business is maintained by payment of \$50 per annum payable AFTER you have saved the tax. We have no means of legally recovering the \$50, we rely on your honesty. No payment would be made to us if the tax savings fall short of \$50. Thus, it is impossible to lose.

"Additional factors to consider are:

- (i) Along with the prospect of above-average income goes the promise of above-average tax;
- (ii) Primary production is one of the most effective and safest means of reducing the tax burden. (Viva la Country Party!
- (iii) To achieve the maximum benefit, primary production must be entered into before you commence to earn high income.
- (iv) Although your purchase of an interest in a trust estate is small, you participate in a large business of primary production.
- (v) We have provided the capital and the management skill. Our professional advisers (Solicitors and Chartered Accountants) have ensured that all legal and taxation matters are watertight. Counsel's (Barrister) opinion confirms this.
- (vi) Your protection is in the fact that you are not responsible for any business loss, our arrangements are financially simple and you are able to withdraw at any time.
- (vii) Averaging also lowers your 'provisional tax'. For the sake of simplicity, and to avoid explaining what 'provisional tax' is, our examples have ignored this important saving thus underestimating the benefit to you.
- (viii) We estimate that you will benefit from primary production status for ten (10) years, but the greatest benefit will be felt immediately after your income has had the biggest rise.
- (ix) Primary production status has been used by our clients. These astute businessmen have given it an enthusiastic reception. Our business, incidentally, is merchant banking and financiers. We have offices in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne.
- (x) For those students who are primary producers now, there is no benefit in joining our trust.
- (xi) Those students planning to go overseas get even

greater benefits, provided they get primary production status while overseas.

- (xii) If you would like us to work out your tax savings on your future estimated income, fill in the attached sheet and mail it to us.
- (xiii) We are not canvassing to handle your income tax affairs. To assist, we shall provide a statement of your trust income together with a full explanation which merely goes inside your income tax returns.

"By way of illustration, let us take a student who joins the scheme in his second last year of University and follow the first six years of his membership.

	Income	Tax	Tax as a Primary Producer	Savings
Year 1 (2nd yr. Uni.)	400	Nil	Nil	.....
Year 2 (3rd yr. Uni.)	401	Nil	Nil	.....
Year 3 (Graduated.)	4,000	771	355	416
Year 4 .....	6,000	1,545	849	696
Year 5 .....	8,000	2,452	1,473	979
Year 6 .....	10,000	3,488	2,481	1,007

This pattern of savings can continue for many years. "The way in which 'averaging' works may be simply illustrated as follows:

Income	Normal Tax	being at a rate of
\$1000	\$55	5.48c in \$1
\$2000	\$218	10.89c in \$1
\$3000	\$463	15.40c in \$1

"If a 'primary producer' has an income of \$1000 in the first of two years and an income of \$3000 in the second, the average is \$2000 and the RATE of tax applicable to his average income is applied to his actual income. Thus in the second year, instead

of paying 15.40% on \$3000 \$463  
he pays 10.89% of \$3000 \$327  
Saving..... \$136

You may average in this way for the total number of years from the year of commencement to the present or over the previous five years whichever is the lesser length of time."

"Any students with enquiries on this matter should contact the editor to obtain the address of the company offering the service."

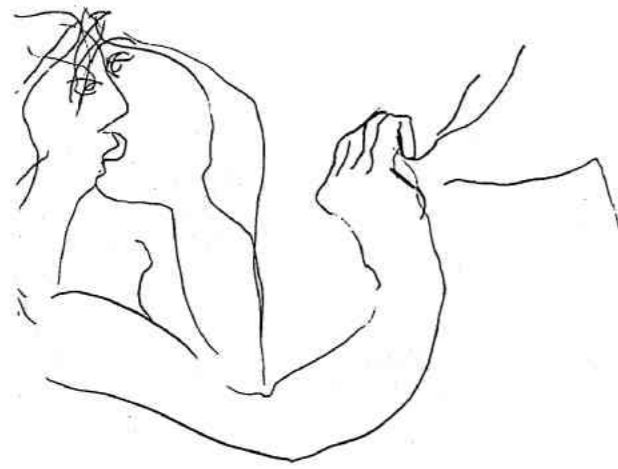


# ADAM'S TEMPTER:

A

## REVIEW

by John Dunham



On the cover of this year's issue of "Prometheus", which goes on sale during Orientation Week, a couple are knotted in sensual delight. A set of flying buttocks and a protruding foot are at the top of the drawing, the parallel curve of legs and arms are in the middle, and the lover's resting head enveloped by his woman's fore-arms are at the bottom. The couple are thus upside down in two ways. They fall into the centre of the cover from the top, and secondly, it is the woman who lies astride her lover, with her long hair reaching down into his face.

The first "irregularity" is a technicality and only drives home what is foremost in the drawing itself: woman as a passionate consumer of sexual love. The woman is the active partner, not a mere recipient but the engaged enjoyer of all that the relationship affords. By contrast with her possessive hold the lover's touch is finely balanced and almost worshipful, a graceful eulogy to the female capacity to enjoy sexuality for its own satisfactions.

This may well be said to be a dominant theme running through all six of Robin Wallace-Crabbe's graphics. One of them catches the woman's tense hold on bed linen while still insisting on the active nature of her sexual interest. Another has the lover refreshing himself while the mirrored image of a woman, resentful of even a moment's separation, looks on demanding. And the others pay similar tributes at the same altar.

Throughout the series there is a fine balance shown between sexual interest and the tenderness of gratitude and care. The clutching of bed linen, in the drawing already mentioned, is considered of equal concern as a gentle kiss. A woman stretching, and the one leaving her bed, are drawn with such a strong sense of the beauty of form that they seem erotic and objects of a sublimating admiration simultaneously.

It is for this reason, as well as many others, that any discussion on such art as pornography becomes ridiculous. The editor is to be commended for obtaining this series by Robin Wallace-Crabbe since it is, by far, the most important of the contents of "Prometheus" and makes it well worth its thirty cents. A pity it is though that three-quarters of the series appear on the front and back of the same pages making it impossible to use them all to decorate the walls of depressingly identical, fixed-furnished, residence-hall rooms. In general the lay-out of "Prometheus" is more confused than it need be and there are many instances of juxtaposed design which are quite

incongruous and unworthily featurist.

It becomes even clearer still with the appearance of this year's "Prometheus" that undergraduate students are not taking advantage of this journal for publishing their writing. Or is it a simple truth that the pressure of course-work and the kind of mental straight-jacketing necessary to be a successful university student leaves no room for alternative and creative movement?

Instead of a genuinely creative ferment in this university there appears each year a strengthening of that kind of atmosphere which Herbert Marcuse has paradoxically described as "repressive tolerance". Each year, it appears, the effort to bring out a journal which is something more than a students' exercise book becomes more difficult. The sorry fact is that "Prometheus" this year owes more to contributors from outside the undergraduate circle than it does to those who are supposedly its sponsors. Rodney Hall, its editor, is the Creative Arts Fellow at this University; John Iremonger is a designer employed by the A.N.U. Press; Robin Wallace-Crabbe is a professional artist, part-time teacher and critic; and those who are post-graduates among the contributors form almost a majority. Students are either boycotting "Prometheus" or there is an aridity of experience that is thinly disguised by the services of others not subject to the pressures.

It is as a welcome exception that a splendid poem like that by Gerald Cohen breaks out from the circle. Cohen, new to this university and with unusual conviction in his writing, can forcefully ask the reader:

"Who saw the earth invade the mind,  
Creation of the frenzied dew,  
The flower and the flame entwined?"

And can equally dramatically reply:

"The darkness of him was my sun,  
The horror of inverted night  
Where quivering is stretched and spun,

Spun by the enchanted loom,  
Machine of song, machine of light,  
The turning of the turning room."

Where Cohen's poem gains from leaving much unstated and the considered repetition of words (although the symbols are probably too dependent on Lawrence's), the one by C.C. is direct to the point of over-statement:

The only enemy is Death, my dear,  
so you do well  
to stand so simply naked here  
asserting you and I need not yet fear  
the patient arrow or impulsive spear  
he wields so well.

Our only ally is our love, my sweet,  
so lay you down  
and here upon this treaty sheet  
let us once more join forces to defeat  
his sullen divisions: Death, you may not retreat  
but look now, and frown.

Both of these poems reflect the tolerably high standard of poetry in the journal. Some readers, no doubt, will enjoy the more polemical sections "Prometheus" has to offer. There is an article on the strength of the Mersey poets and a guide to listening as well as looking at films. Something of a ripple of last year's Roman Catholic liberalism comes through in the poems of John Hanrahan and there are some Anglican niceties in a gay story by David Davison. Prometheus' challenge to the gods has not been entirely missed in Canberra, at least not during this first week of term.

## FILM MAKER- AT A.N.U.

The Australian National University has awarded a Fellowship in the Creative Arts to film-maker Arthur Cantrill, a young Australian at present working in London.

His films have been seen at film festivals in Venice, Cardiff, Toronto and London and at UNESCO screenings in Paris. They are represented in film libraries and collections in many countries and have been seen on television in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, Britain and Europe.

Mr. Cantrill was born in Sydney in 1938. In 1959 he moved to Brisbane where he worked until going to London four years ago. He began his career as an independent film-maker in 1961 and was soon making television films for children, including two which he wrote, designed and filmed himself for the ABC. Other films from this time include a group on the work of sculptor Robert Klippel in which Mr. Cantrill worked with composer Larry Sitsky, who is also now living in Canberra as a member of the city's School of Music.

His London films include a half-hour documentary on the French sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, which was the official British entry in last year's Venice Festival of Films on Art. The film has also been seen on BBC television.

As well as writing, photographing and editing his films, Mr. Cantrill composes his own soundtracks from electronically altered sounds derived from organic and musical sources. The experimental aspect of his work began in Australia with a group of light-image films and has continued in London with such films as 'Red Stone Dancer', a copy of which is in the experimental film collection of the British Film Institute. Mr. Cantrill is now completing a film on the Dutch abstract mime artist Will Spoor.

While in England, Mr. Cantrill has given talks and screenings of his films at the Institute of Contemporary Art, the Arts Laboratory and the University of Cambridge.

In Canberra he intends to undertake several film projects including a two-screen film involving animation. Mr. Cantrill will come to Canberra with his wife and family in mid-May. Corinne Cantrill has worked actively with her husband on all his films.



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# SPORT

## I.V. YACHTING

Who needs wind to run a successful yachting intervarsity, particularly when social activity is at an all time high.

This seemed to be the theme when men's and women's crews from seven universities gathered on Lake Burley Griffin for the sixth yachting intervarsity hosted by the ANU Sailing Club during the third week of February. Huey, however, although stingy with his commodity came good towards the end of the week giving rise to some close and exciting finishes. The races were run in conjunction with the Canberra Yacht Club with sponsorship from Mobil Oil of Australia Ltd.

The crews from Queensland, New South Wales Sydney, Melbourne, Monash, Adelaide and ANU after an Invitation Race, competed for honours over a series of five races. The men's series was dominated by the Sydney University boat SuSu II skippered by Mark Bethwaite. All races were not to be his, however, with the third heat going to the University of Adelaide in Portergaff skippered by Rob Fraser. The latter crew showed a much improved form over previous years and did not allow the Sydney crew one moment of relaxation. Adelaide University were second in the series and the University of New South Wales, third. Despite consistent third placings the local crew were fifth over all. It does not pay to run down the starter's boat at the start of a race.

A recent change to four members in the women's crews has brought more glamour to I.V. yachting. Besides livening the series with briefers than last year bikinis and lovely bodies, the girls provided a lot of excitement on the water. Each of the first four races was won by a different crew, leaving the final decision to the last race. This race featured some of the keenest sailing and tactics ever seen in a women's I.V. series. The Melbourne crew in Zeus under the skipper Margaret Andre won out to take the series. The University of New South Wales crew was second with Queensland and Sydney in equal third place. The local ladies finished fifth.

With organised social events every other night and informal parties on the off nights, the end came in an excellent presentation evening at the Lobby. The vote of all crews was the best I.V. yet.

### LIST OF CLUBS AND CLUB SECRETARIES AFFILIATED WITH THE A.N.U. SPORTS UNION

Athletics  
Australian Rules  
Badminton  
Baseball  
Basketball (I.R.)  
Basketball (Women's)  
Boat Club  
Boomerang Throwing  
Caving  
Cricket  
Hockey (Men's)  
Hockey (Women's)  
Judo  
Mountaineering  
Parachute  
Rifle  
Rugby League  
Rugby Union  
Ski  
Sailing  
Skindiving  
Soccer  
Softball (Men's)  
Squash  
Surfboard Riding  
Table Tennis  
Tennis

Anyone interested in a club should contact the Sports Union office on the ground floor of the Union Building or Telephone 49.1710, or Extension 2273.

## SAILING CLUB

The Sailing Club offers quite unique opportunities for members of the University to learn to sail or to compete in races in the Club boats. Over the past few years, students who have never sailed before, have taken part in the training sessions organised by the Club and become fairly proficient sailors!

The Club owns two heron class yachts and a moth which are used for training. For the more experienced sailor, the Club has three lightweight sharpies - the class raced in the Intersarsity competition - two of which are used for racing and the other for general sailing and the training of members in the use of a larger boat.

Throughout the year the Club organises training sessions on the water and runs a series of lectures at night. The Club is a member of the Canberra Sailing Co-ordination Committee with the other sailing clubs in Canberra - the Canberra Yacht Club, the Y.M.C.A. Sailing Club, the Canberra Police and Citizens Boys Sailing Club and the Army Sailing Club. Of these clubs, the Y.M.C.A. races on Saturday, the C.Y.C. on Sunday, the Police Boys Club is a junior club, and the Army holds races on Wednesday afternoons. A member of the ANU

Sailing Club can compete in any of these races.

The ANU this season has held three open regattas, mainly on long weekends; the Australian Intersarsity championships (see report elsewhere) and will hold a lightweight sharpie regatta over Easter.

Boats may be obtained on a signing out system at the Sports Union office, however the skipper must first have shown the Committee that he/she has some knowledge of sailing.

You may join the Club at the Sports Union office where further enquiries regarding the Club will be answered.

I.J.A. MacArthur  
Commodore  
ANU Sailing Club

## SKINDIVING

The A.N.U.S.C., formed last year and as yet small, was not inactive over the long vacation. Three main dives were held, the first at Merry Beach on the South Coast.

The second at Seal Rocks some 80 miles north of Newcastle, and the third at Curarong, near Nowra. All dives were well attended, and to say the least, fish were eaten as a result of each outing.

Hopes are held for the expansion of the club this year, and the introduction of S.C.U.B.A. diving is on the programme.

An introductory dive will be held at Mossy Point (Broulee side) on Sunday 9th March, for all those interested. Further information will be included in the Orientation Week programme.

The raffle currently being run will be drawn on 7th March, and the winners published in the Sydney Morning Herald the following Monday.

The Second Annual General Meeting of the ANUSC will be held in the Meetings Room at

7 p.m. on 18th March, 1969 for the election of 1969 office bearers. All members and prospective members are invited to attend.

The current committee has proposed the following dives for the first term:-

Sunday 9th March (introductory dive) Mossy Pt.  
Weekend 15/16 March (weekend dive) Mossy Pt.  
Weekend 5/6 April (Easter dive) Rosedale.  
Weekend 26/27 April (weekend dive) T.B.A.

All members and those interested are invited to attend. Due notification of attendance would be appreciated, and any help with transport to and from the coast would be gratefully appreciated.



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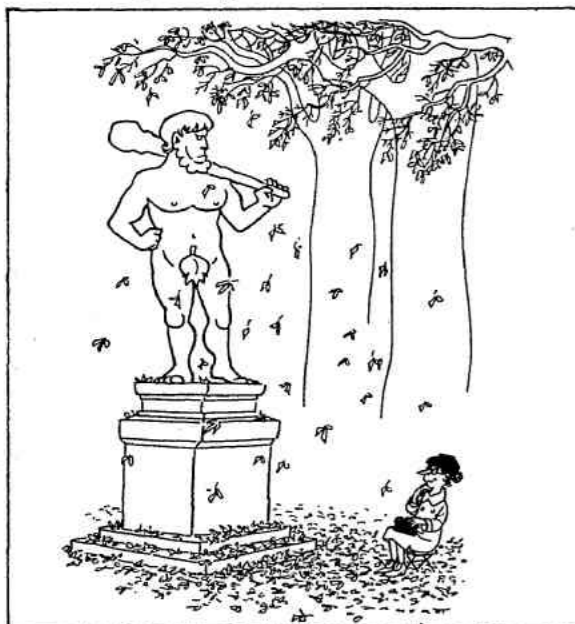
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R104



# POT PAGE

which is supposed to be  
chock-a-block of picies  
and good larfs  
but as usual is all ads.



Judy Trelor - 2nd Year Arts

### A.N.U. SPORTS UNION

Nominations are called for the positions of:

- President
- Vice President
- Secretary
- Treasurer
- Six (6) Council Members

in the A.N.U. Sports Union.

Candidates must be members of the ANU Sports Union. Nominations must be signed by at least two persons, must be accompanied by a written statement of the nominee's willingness to act in the position if elected, and a brief outline of the nominee's qualifications for the position.

Nominations close 5.00 p.m. Friday 14th March 1969, and should be submitted at the Sports Union Office in the University Union.

Elections will take place on 19th, 20th and 21st March, 1969.

David Walsh,  
Returning Officer.

Maybe we're slanted but  
we think  
the **Union Shop** is a  
gas.

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food counter  
and a skip across the lawn  
from the Library.

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It's extensive—  
if you can read  
you can expand your mind  
on textbooks or sexbooks;  
if you can write  
you can stock up  
on pens, pencils, and paper;  
if you can do neither  
(nobody's perfect)  
you can wear the jewelry  
or the A.N.U. sweaters  
or the academic gowns  
(or even other people's  
dry cleaning if you're smart).

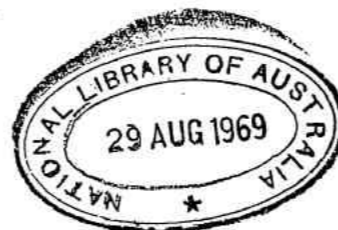
You can buy  
biology sets, geology sets,  
desk sets, maybe even  
twin sets.

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from the Bookshop.

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to help.



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